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COLLEGE LIFE

ESSAYS REPRINTED FROM
"SCHOOL, COLLEGE, AND CHARACTER"
AND "ROUTINE AND IDEALS"

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U . S . A

INTRODUCTION

THIS volume contains two essays from *School, College, and Character* and two addresses from *Routine and Ideals*. It includes those parts of each book which the editor regards as suitable for college students in general, and excludes those parts which chiefly concern parents, elementary and secondary schools, or students in Harvard College. It is, therefore, a small collection of old writings newly combined for a special purpose.

If I were rewriting the essay on College Honor, I should give more space to the apathy of many students regarding their debts — whether their debts as individuals or the collective debts of their clubs. I might also give more space to the Honor System, about which my feeling has not materially changed. I still feel that the system ministers to a mistaken sensitiveness, endangers the au-

thenticity of the college degree, imposes on the conscientious student a duty he is better off without, and, when it requires every man to certify that he has received no help, defeats in great part its own end by substituting avowed distrust of everybody for distrust of the few and protection of all. Yet I believe, with eagerness, that a college officer should, for every reason, whether of fairness or of mere policy, accept the word of a student so long as he can, and should maintain with him the openest relation compatible with the rights of others. Nor is this belief inconsistent with my attitude toward the Honor System.

These remarks about the Honor System may hint at the justification of the editor in reprinting the essays and addresses. Though the material may be old, the subjects can never lose their freshness so long as youth is youth.

L. B. R. Briggs.

Cambridge, *January*, 1913.

THE TRANSITION FROM SCHOOL TO COLLEGE

College life is the supreme privilege of youth. Rich men's sons from private schools may take it carelessly, as something to enjoy unearned, like their own daily bread; yet the true title to it is the title earned in college day by day. The privilege of entering college admits to the privilege of deserving college; college life belongs to the great things, at once joyous and solemn, that are not to be entered into lightly.

Now the things that are not to be entered into lightly (such as marriage and the ministry) are often the things that men enter prepared viciously or not prepared at all; and college life is no exception. "There had always lain a

pleasant notion at the back of his head," says Mr. Kipling of Harvey Cheyne's father, who had left the boy to the care of a useless wife, "that some day, when he had rounded off everything and the boy had left college, he would take his son to his heart and lead him into his possessions. Then that boy, he argued, as busy fathers do, would instantly become his companion, partner, and ally; and there would follow splendid years of great works carried out together, — the old head backing the young fire." Such fatal gaps in calculation, common with preoccupied fathers, are not uncommon with teachers, — the very men whose lifework is fitting boys for life.

To prepare a boy for examinations that admit to college requires skill, but is easy; to prepare a boy for college is a problem that no teacher and no school has ever solved. In the widest sense, the transition from school to college is almost coincident with the transition from youth

to manhood, — often a time when the physical being is excitable and ill controlled, when the mind suffers from the lassitude of rapid bodily growth, and when the youth's whole conception of his relation to other people is distorted by conceit. Sensitive to his own importance, just beginning to know his power for good or evil, he is shot into new and exciting surroundings, — out of a discipline that drove and held him with whip and rein into a discipline that trusts him to see the road and to travel in it. If we add to this the new and alluring arguments for vice as an expression of fully developed manhood, we have some notion of the struggle in which a boy — away from home, it may be, for the first time — is expected to conquer. The best school is the school that best prepares him for this struggle; not the school that guards him most sternly or most tenderly, nor the school that guards him not at all, but the school that stead-

ily increases his responsibility, and as steadily strengthens him to meet it. The best college is the college that makes him a man.

The first feeling of a Freshman is confusion; the next is often a strange elation at the discovery that now at last his elders have given him his head. "I never shall forget," says a noted preacher, "how I felt when I found myself a Freshman, — a feeling that all restraint was gone, and that I might go to the Devil just as fast as I pleased." This is the transition from school to college.

In a man's life there must be, as everybody knows, a perilous time of going out into the world · to many it comes at the beginning of a college course; to many — possibly to most who go to college at all — it has already come at school. The larger and less protected boarding school or academy is constantly threatened with every vice known to a college; the cloistered private school affords, from its lack

of opportunity for some vices, peculiar temptation to others; the day school, if in or near a large city, contains boys for whose bad habits, not yet revealed, their parents by and by will hold the college responsible. I remember a group of boys going daily from cultivated homes to an excellent school, each of whom, in college, came to one grief or another, and each of whom, I am convinced, had made straight at home and at school the way to that grief. The transition from school to college was merely the continuation in a larger world of what they had begun in a smaller.

A continuation is what the transition ought to be: the problem is how to make it a continuation of the right sort. "What is the matter with your college?" says a teacher who cares beyond all else for the moral and religious welfare of his pupils. "I keep my boys for years: I send them to you in September, and by Christmas half of them

have degenerated. They have lost punctuality; they have lost application; they have no responsibility; and some of them are gone to the bad." "What is the matter with your school," the college retorts, "that in half a dozen years it cannot teach a boy to stand up three months? College is the world; fitting for college is fitting for life: what is the matter with your school?" He who loses his ideals loses the very bloom of life. To see a young man's ideals rapidly slipping away, while his face grows coarser and coarser, is one of the saddest sights in college or out of it. What is his training good for, if it has not taught him the folly, the misery, and the wrong of dabbling in evil? If he must believe that no man is wise till he has come to know the resorts of gamblers and harlots, and has indulged himself for experience' sake in a little gentlemanly vice, can he not put off the acquaintance four years more, by the end

of which time he may have learned some wiser way of getting wisdom? Besides, in the course of those four years (and the chance is better than even) he may meet some girl for whose sake he will be glad that his record has been clean. Cannot a school which closely watches its boys while their characters are moulding teach them to keep their heads level and their hearts true, save them from the wrong that never can be righted, send them to college and through college, faulty it must be, but at least unstained?

The main object of school and college is the same, — to establish character, and to make that character more efficient through knowledge; to make moral character more efficient through mental discipline. In the transition from school to college, continuity of the best influence, mental and moral, is the thing most needful. Oddly enough, the only continuity worthy of the name is often

(in its outward aspect) neither mental nor moral, but athletic. An athlete is watched at school as an athlete, enters college as an athlete; and if he is a good athlete, and if he takes decent care of his body, he continues his college course as an athlete, — with new experiences, it is true, but always with the thread of continuity fairly visible, and with the relation of training to success clearly in view. Palpably bad as the management of college athletics has been and is, misleading as the predominance of athletics in an institution of learning may be, the fact remains that in athletics lies a saving power, and that for many a boy no better bridge of the gap between school and college has yet been found. The Freshman athlete, left to himself, is likely to fall behind in his studies; but unless he is singularly unreasonable or vicious, he is where an older student of clear head and strong will can keep him straight, — can at

least save him from those deplorable falls that, to a greater or less degree, bruise and taint a whole life. "The trouble will begin," said a wise man, talking to sub-Freshmen, "in the first fortnight. Some evening you will be with a lot of friends in somebody's room, when something is proposed that you know is n't just right. Stop it if you can; if not, go home and go to bed, and in the morning you will be glad you did n't stay." The first danger in the transition from boyhood to manhood is the danger in what is called "knowing life." It is so easy to let mere vulgar curiosity pose as the search for truth. A Senior who had been in a fight at a public dance said in defence of himself: "I think I have led a pretty clean life in these four years; but I believe that going among all sorts of people and knowing them is the best thing college life can give us." The old poet knew better: —

"Let no man say there, 'Virtue's flinty wall
Shall lock vice in me; I 'll do none but know all.
Men are sponges, which, to pour out, receive;
Who know false play, rather than lose, deceive;
For in best understandings sin began;
Angels sinned first, then devils, and then man."

Here comes in to advantage the ambition of the athlete. Football begins with or before the college year. Training for football means early hours, clean life, constant occupation for body and mind. Breach of training means ostracism. That this game tides many a Freshman over a great danger, by keeping him healthily occupied, I have come firmly to believe. It supplies what President Eliot calls a "new and effective motive for resisting all sins which weaken or corrupt the body;" it appeals to ambition and to self-restraint; it gives to crude youth a task in which crude youth can attain finish and skill, can feel the power that comes of surmounting tremendous obstacles and of recog-

nition for surmounting them; moreover, like war, it affords an outlet for the reckless courage of young manhood, — the same reckless courage that in idle days drives young men headlong into vice.

Has not hard study, also, a saving power? Yes, for some boys; but for a boy full of animal spirits, and not spurred to intellectual effort by poverty, the pressure is often too gentle, the reward too remote. Such a youth may be, in the first place, too well pleased with himself to understand his relation to his fellow men and the respectability of labor. He may fail to see that college life does not of itself make a man distinguished; in a vague way, he feels that the university is gratefully ornamented by his presence. No human creature can be more complacent than a Freshman, unless it is a Sophomore: yet the Freshman may be simply a being who, with no particular merit of his own, has received a great opportunity; and the Sophomore may

be simply a being who has abused that opportunity for a year.

Now the Freshman meets, in a large modern college, a new theory of intellectual discipline. As Professor Peabody has beautifully expressed it, he passes "from the sense of study as an obligation to the sense of study as an opportunity." Too often he regards study as an inferior opportunity; and having an option between study and loafing, he takes loafing. "In the Medical School," said a first-year medical student, "they give you a lot to do; and nobody cares in the least whether you do it." In other words, the Medical School may rely on the combined stimulus of intellectual ambition and bread and butter: its Faculty need not prod or cosset; it is a place of Devil take the hindmost. Yet the change in the attitude of teacher to pupil is not more sharply marked between college and medical school than between preparatory school and college. "There are

only two ways of getting work out of a *boy*," said a young college graduate. "One is through emulation; the other is to stand behind and kick him.[1] Mr. X [a well-known schoolmaster] says, 'Jones, will you please do this or that;' Mr. Y stands behind Jones and kicks him into college." I do not accept the young graduate's alternative; but I have to admit that many boys are kicked, or whipped, or cosseted, or otherwise personally conducted into college, and, once there, are as hopelessly lost as a baby turned loose in London. "It took me about two years in college to get my bearings," said an earnest man, now a superintendent of schools. "I did n't loaf; I simply did n't know how to get at things. In those days there was nobody to go to for advice; and I had never *read* anything, — had never been inside of a public library. I did n't know where or how to take hold."

[1] Both ways are known in football, besides what is called "cursing up."

This is the story of a man who longed to take hold; and we must remember that many of our college boys do not at first care whether they take hold or not. It is only in football, not in study, that they have learned to tackle, and to tackle low. "A bolstered boy," says a wise mother, "is an unfortunate man." Many of these boys have been bolstered; many are mothers' boys; many have crammed day and night through the hot season to get into college, and, once in, draw a long breath and lie down. The main object of life is attained; and for any secondary object they are too tired to work. The old time-table of morning school gives place to a confusing arrangement which spreads recitations and lectures unevenly over the different days. They walk to a large lecture room, where a man who is not going to question them that day talks for an hour, more or less audibly. He is a long way off;[1] and

[1] A student whose name begins with Y told me once that he had never had a good seat in his life.

though he is talking to somebody, he seems not to be talking to them. It is hard to listen; and if they take notes (a highly educational process) the notes will be poor: besides, if they need notes, they can buy them later. Why not let the lecture go, and sleep, or carve the furniture, or think about something else (girls, for instance)? These boys are in a poor frame of mind for new methods of instruction; yet new methods of instruction they must have. They must learn to depend upon themselves, to become men; and they must learn that hardest lesson of all, — that a man's freedom consists in binding himself: still again, they must learn these things at an age when the average boy has an ill-seasoned body, a half-trained mind, jarred nerves, his first large sum of money, all manner of diverting temptations, and a profound sense of his own importance. How can they be taken down, and not taken down too much, — thrown, and not thrown too

hard? How can they be taught the responsibility of freedom? They face, it may be, an elective system which, at first sight, seems to make elective, not this or that study merely, but the habit of studying at all. Already they have been weakened by the failure of the modern parent and the modern educator to see steadily the power that is born of overcoming difficulties. What the mind indolently shrinks from is readily mistaken, by fond mothers, mercenary tutors, and some better people, as not suited to the genius of the boy in question. "It is too much for Jamie to learn those stupid rules of syntax, when he has a passion for natural history;" or, "George never could learn geometry, — and after all, we none of us use geometry in later life. He expects to be a lawyer, like his father; and I can't think of any good geometry can do him."

The change "from the sense of study as an obligation to the sense of study as

an opportunity" is a noble change for persons mature enough to turn opportunity into obligation: it is not a noble change for those who choose such studies only as they think they can pass with bought notes. Knowledge that does not overcome difficulties, knowledge that merely absorbs what it can without disagreeable effort, is not power; it is not even manly receptivity. Milton, to be sure, patient toiler and conqueror though he was, cried in his pain, "God loves not to plough out the heart of our endeavors with overhard and sad tasks:" but an overhard and sad task may be a plain duty; and even Milton, when he said this, was trying to get rid of what some people would call a plain duty, — his wife. When we consider the mass and the variety of the Freshmen's temptations, and what some one has called the "strain on their higher motives," we wonder more and more at the strength of the temptation to knowledge, whereby so

many stand steady, and work their way out into clear-headed and trustworthy manhood.

One way to deal with these strange, excited, inexperienced, and intensely human things called Freshmen is to let them flounder till they drown or swim; and this way has been advocated by men who have no boys of their own. It is delightfully simple, if we can only shut eye and ear and heart and conscience; and it has a kind of plausibility in the examples of men who through rough usage have achieved strong character. "The objection," as the master of a great school said the other day, "is the waste; and," he added, "it is such an awful thing to waste human life!" This method is a cruel method, ignoring all the sensibilities of that delicate, high-strung instrument which we call the soul. If none but the fittest survived, the cruelty might be defended; but some, who unhappily cannot drown, become cramped swim-

mers for all their days. Busy and worn as a college teacher usually is, thirsty for the advancement of learning as he is assumed always to be, he cannot let hundreds of young men pass before him, unheeded and unfriended. At Harvard College, the Faculty, through its system of advisers for Freshmen, has made a beginning: and though there are hardly enough advisers to go round, the system has proved its usefulness. At Harvard College, also, a large committee of Seniors and Juniors has assumed some responsibility for all the Freshmen. Each undertakes to see at the beginning of the year the Freshmen assigned to him, and to give every one of them, besides kindly greeting and good advice, the feeling that an experienced undergraduate may be counted on as a friend in need.

Whether colleges should guard their students more closely than they do — whether, for example, they should with

gates and bars protect their dormitories against the inroads of bad women — is an open question. For the deliberately vicious such safeguards would amount to nothing; but for the weak they might lessen the danger of sudden temptation. Of what schools should do I can say little; for with schools I have little experience: but this I know, that some system of gradually increased responsibility is best in theory, and has proved good in practice. The scheme of making the older and more influential boys "prefects" has worked well in at least one large preparatory school, and shows its excellence in the attitude of the prefects when they come to college. This scheme makes a confident appeal to the maturity of some boys and the reasonableness of all, trusting all to see that the best hopes of teacher and scholar are one and the same.

The system of gradually increased

responsibility at school must be met halfway by the system of friendly supervision at college, — supervision in which the older undergraduates are quite as important as the Faculty. The Sophomore who enjoys hazing (like the dean who employs spies) is an enemy to civilization. The true state of mind, whether for professor or for student, was expressed by a college teacher long ago. "I hold it," he said, "a part of my business to do what I can for any wight that comes to this place." When all students of all colleges, and all boys of all schools, believe, and have the right to believe, that their teachers are their friends; when the educated public recognizes the truth that school and college should help each other in lifting our youth to the high ground of character, — the school never forgetting that boys are to be men, and the college never forgetting that men have been boys, — we shall come to the

ideal of education. Toward this ideal we are moving, slowly but steadily. When we reach it, or even come so near it as to see it always, we shall cease to dread the transition from school to college.

THE MISTAKES OF COLLEGE LIFE

In a certain sense, college is the place for mistakes. In college a young man tests his strength, and, while testing it, is protected from the results of failure far more effectively than he will ever be protected afterward. The youth who is determined to succeed in public speaking may stand up again and again in a college debating club, may fail again and again, and through his failure may rise to success; whereas if he should put off his efforts until some political campaign had called him to the stump, no audience would listen to him, or even let him go

on. "The mistakes that make us men," says Dr. Lyman Abbott, "are better than the accuracies that keep us children." Yet even in college there are mistakes by which the career of a happy, well-meaning youth is suddenly darkened; and though he may learn out of the very bitterness of his experience, he is never quite the same again.

All boys with a fair chance in the world have at their best a common motive, — to be of some use, to lead active, efficient lives, to do something worth doing, and to do it well, to become men on whom people instinctively and not in vain rely. Men and women may be divided roughly into two classes, — those who are "there," and those who are "not there." The "not there" people may be clever, may be what is called "good company," may have, even after you know them pretty well, a good deal of personal charm; but once know them through and through, and you have no use for

them. The "there" people may be unpolished, unmagnetic, without social charm; but once understand that they are "there," and you get help and comfort from the mere knowledge that there are such people in the world. Every boy in his heart of hearts admires a man who is "there," and wishes to be like him; but not every boy (and here is the sad part of it) understands that to be "there" is the result of a long process, the result of training day by day and year by year, precisely as to be a sure man (I do not say a brilliant man) in the pitcher's box or behind the bat is the result of long training. A single decision or indecision, an act of a moment or a moment's failure to act, may turn a whole life awry; but the weakness of that moment is only the expression of a weakness which for months or for years has been undermining the character, or at best the result of a failure to train body, mind, and heart for the emergencies of life.

In this training we can learn, if we will, from other people's experience; and although boys are loath to accept anybody's experience but their own, and are not always wise enough to accept that, it is yet worth while to show them some dangers which other boys have met or have failed to meet, that they may not be taken unawares. A great man, almost too far above the temptations of the average boy to understand them, has condemned talking to boys and young men about temptation; he would fill their minds with good things: but there are no boys whose minds are so full of good things that a temptation cannot get in edgewise. An absorbing interest in a good something or a good somebody holds back and may finally banish the worst temptations; it is quite as important to interest boys in good things as to take away their interest in bad ones: but when all is said, the lightest hearted boy who comes to manhood must come

to it "through sorrows and through scars."

To many boys the beginning of college life is the first step into the world. Its dangers are much like those of other first steps into the world, yet with this difference: the college boy has the advantage of living where ideals are noble, and the disadvantage (if he is weak or immature) of living where he need not get heartily tired day after day in keeping long, inevitable hours of work. This disadvantage is indeed a privilege, but a privilege which like all privileges is bad unless accorded to a responsible being. To discipline one's self, to hold one's self responsible, is ever so much better than to be disciplined, to be held responsible by somebody else; but it is a task for a man. Naturally enough, then, the mistakes and the sins of college life are commonly rooted in boyish irresponsibility.

The average youth takes kindly to the

notion that in the first year or two at college he need not be bound by the ordinary restraints of law-abiding men and women. "Boys will be boys," even to the extent of sowing wild oats. Time enough to settle down by and by; meanwhile the world is ours. A year or so of lawlessness will be great fun, and will give us large experience; and even if we shock some good people, we are but doing the traditional thing. A youth who feels thus takes prompt offence if treated, as he says, "like a kid;" yet he may do things so low that any honest child would despise them. Nor is this true of one sex only. I have heard a married woman recount with satisfaction her two nights' work in stealing a sign when she was at college; and her father, a college man, listened with sympathetic joy. I have known a youth who held a large scholarship in money to steal, or — as he preferred to say — "pinch," an instrument worth several dollars from the lab-

oratory where he was trusted as he would have been trusted in a gentleman's parlor. I have even heard of students who bought signs, and hung them up in their rooms to get the reputation of stealing them. Surely there is nothing in college life to make crime a joke. A street "mucker" sneaks into a student's room and steals half a dozen neckties (for which the student has not paid), and nothing is too hard for him; a student steals a poor laundryman's sign for fun: may a gentleman do without censure what sends a "mucker" to jail? If the gentleman is locked up in the evening to be taken before the judge in the morning, his friends are eager to get him out. Yet in one night of ascetic meditation he may learn more than in his whole previous life of his relation to the rights of his fellow men. One of the first lessons in college life is an axiom: Crime is crime, and a thief is a thief, even at an institution of learning. The college thief

has, it is true, a different motive from his less favored brother; but is the motive better? Is there not at the root of it a misunderstanding of one man's relation to another, so selfish that, in those who ought to be the flower of American youth, it would be hardly conceivable if we did not see it with our own eyes? People sometimes wonder at the desire of towns to tax colleges, instead of helping them. A small number of students who steal signs, and refuse to pay bills unless the tradesman's manner pleases them, may well account for it all.

As there is nothing in college life to justify a thief, so there is nothing in it to justify a liar. College boys in their relation to one another are quite as truthful as other people; but some of them regard their dealings with college authorities as some men regard horse-trades. We know them capable of distinguishing truth from falsehood, since their

standard of integrity for their teachers is sensitively high. Their standard for themselves is part of that conceit, of that blind incapacity for the Golden Rule, which is often characteristic of early manhood. To this blindness most books about school and college life contribute. Even the healthier of these books stir the reader's sympathy in behalf of the gentlemanly, happy-go-lucky youth who pulls wool over the eyes of his teachers, and deepen the impression that college boys live in a fairyland of charming foolery, and are no more morally responsible than the gods of Olympus. Plainly such a theory of college life, even if no one holds to it long, nurses a selfishness and an insincerity which may outlast the theory that has nourished them. The man who has his themes written for him, or who cribs at examinations, or who excuses himself from college lectures because of "sickness" in order to rest after or before a

dance, may be clever and funny to read about; but his cleverness and "funniness" are not many degrees removed from those of the forger and the impostor, who may also be amusing in fiction.

Another bad thing in the substitution of excuses, even fairly honest excuses, for work is the weakening effect of it on everyday life. The work of the world is in large measure done by people whose heads and throats and stomachs do not feel just right, but who go about their daily duties, and in doing them forget their heads and throats and stomachs. He who is to be "there" as a man cannot afford to cosset himself as a boy. A well-known railroad man has remarked that he knows in his business two kinds of men: one, with a given piece of work to do before a given time, comes back at the appointed hour and says, "That job is done. I found unexpected difficulties, but it is done;" the other comes back

with "several excellent reasons" why the job is not done. "I have," says the railroad man, "no use for the second of these men." Nor has any business man use for him. The world is pretty cold toward chronic invalids and excuse-mongers. "If you are too sick to be here regularly," it says, "I am sorry for you, but I shall have to employ a healthier man." You will find, by the way, that it is easier to attend all your recitations than to attend half or three-quarters of them. Once open the question of not going, and you see "several excellent reasons" for staying at home. Routine, as all mature men know, steadies nerves, and, when used intelligently, adds contentment to life.

I have spoken of lying to college officers, and of excuses which, if I may use an undergraduate expression, "may be right, but are not stylish right." I come next to the question of responsibility to father and mother in matters of truth and

falsehood. One of the evils from vice of all sorts at college is the lying that results from it. Shame and fear, half disguised as a desire not to worry parents, cut off many a father and mother from knowing what they have a right to know, and what they, if confided in, might remedy. I have seldom seen a student in serious trouble who did not say — honestly enough, I presume — that he cared less for his own mortification than for his father's and mother's. As a rule, one of his parents is threatened with nervous prostration, or oppressed with business cares, or has a weak heart which, as the son argues, makes the receipt of bad news dangerous. Filial affection, which has been so dormant as to let the student do those things which would distress his parents most, awakes instantly at the thought that the parents must learn what he has done. The two severest rebukes of a certain gentle mother were: "You ought to have meant

not to," and "You ought to have been sorry beforehand."

Many a student, knowing that the college must communicate with his father, will not nerve himself to the duty and the filial kindness of telling his father first. I remember a boy who was to be suspended for drunkenness, and who was urged to break the news to his father before the official letter went.

"You don't know my father," he said. "My father is a very severe man, and I can't tell him."

"The only thing you can do for him," was the answer, "is to let him feel that you are able and willing to tell him first, — that you give him your confidence."

"Oh, you don't know him," said the boy again.

"Is there any 'out' about your father?"

"No" (indignantly)! "You would respect him and admire him; but he is a very severe man."

"Then he has a right to hear and

to hear first from you. You cannot help him more than by telling him, or hurt him more than by hiding the truth from him."

A day or two later the boy came back to the college office. "My father is a brick!" he said. In his confession he had learned for the first time how much his father cared for him.

A young man, intensely curious about the wickedness of life, is easily persuaded that the first business of a college student is "to know life," — that is, to know the worst things in it; and, in the pursuit of wisdom, he sets out in the evening, with others, merely to *see* the vice of a great city. He calls at a house where he meets bad men and bad women, and eats and drinks with them. What he eats and drinks he does not know; but in the morning he is still there, with a life stain upon him, and needing more than ever before to confide in father or mother or in some good physician. Yet the people

who can help him most, the people also in whom he must confide or be false to them, are the very people he avoids.

Again, it is hard to prove by cold logic that gambling is wrong. A young man says to himself, "If I wish to spend a dollar in this form of amusement, why should I not? I know perfectly well what I am about I am playing *with* money not playing *for* it. In some countries — in England, for example—clergymen, and good people generally, play whist with shilling stakes, and would not think of playing it without." So of vice he says, "No man knows human nature until he has seen the dark side. I shall be a broader man if I know these things; and some physicians recommend the practice of them in moderation." When we say, "Lead us not into temptation," we forget that one of the worst temptations in the world is the temptation to be led into temptation, — the temptation to gratify vulgar curiosity, and to see on what thin ice we

can walk. No man is safe; no man can tell what he shall do, or what others will do to him, if he once enters a gambling house or a brothel. The history of every city, and the history of every college, will prove what I say. There is no wisdom in looking at such places, — nothing but greenness and folly. The difficulty with gambling is, as some one has said, that "it eats the heart out of a man," — that imperceptibly the playing *with* slips into the playing *for*, until without gambling life seems tame: and the difficulty with vice is that it involves physical danger of the most revolting kind; that it kills self-respect; that it brings with it either shamelessness or a miserable dishonesty for decency's sake; and that it is a breach of trust to those who are, or who are to be, the nearest and the dearest, — a breach of trust to father and mother, and to the wife and children, who may seem remote and unreal, but who to most young men are close at hand. By the

time a boy goes to college, he may well feel responsibility to the girl whom some day he will respect and love, and who, he hopes, will respect and love him. A boy's or man's sense of fair play should show him that it is effrontery in a man who has been guilty of vice with women to ask for a pure girl's love. The time is only too likely to come when a young fellow who has yielded to the tremendous sudden temptation that is thrown at him in college and in the world, will face the bitter question, "Can I tell the truth about myself to the girl I love? If I tell it, I may justly lose her; if I do not tell it, my whole life may be a frightened lie."

> "Who is the Happy Husband? He
> Who, scanning his unwedded life,
> Thanks Heaven, with a conscience free,
> 'T was faithful to his future wife."

Not merely the curiosity which listens to false arguments about life and wisdom, but the awful loneliness of a boy far from home, may lead to vice and misery. The

boy who is used to girls at home, and who knows in his new surroundings no such girls as he knew at home, no such girls as his sisters' friends, is only too likely to scrape an easy acquaintance with some of those inferior girls by whom every student is seen in a kind of glamour, and to whom acquaintance with students is the chief excitement of life. With little education, much giddy vanity, and no refinement, these girls may yet possess a sort of cheap attractiveness. They are, besides, easy to get acquainted with, easy to be familiar with, and interesting simply because they are girls — for the time being, the only accessible girls. I need not dwell on the embarrassment, the sorrow, and even the crime, in which such friendships may end; but I may emphasize the responsibility of every man, young or old, towards every woman. "Every free and generous spirit," said Milton, "ought to be born a knight." It is the part of a man to protect these

girls against themselves. If they know no better than to hint to a student that they should like to see his room some evening, he knows better than to take the hint, — better than to suffer them through him to do what, though it may not stain their character, may yet destroy their good name. No girls stand more in need of chivalry than these vain girls, not yet bad, who flutter about the precincts of a college.

Students know what responsibility means; but their views of it are distorted. They demand it of their elders; in certain parts of athletics they demand it of themselves. Which is the worse breach of faith, to sit up a quarter of an hour later than your athletic trainer allows, or to betray the trust that father and mother have put in you, to gamble away or to spend on low women the money sent you for your term-bill, and to cover all with a lie?

It may be from a dim notion of these

eccentricities in undergraduate judgment that many boys cultivate irresponsibility with a view to social success. Social ambition is the strongest power in many a student's college life, a power compared with which all the rules and all the threats of the Faculty, who blindly ignore it, are impotent, a power that robs boys of their independence, leading them to do things foolish or worse and thereby to defeat their own end. For in the long run, — in the later years of the college course, — the "not there" and the "there" can be clearly distinguished. A student may be poor, he may not play poker, he may not drink, he may be free from all vice, he may not even smoke; and yet, if his virtue is not showy, he will be popular — provided he "does something for his class." "He is a bully fellow," the students say. "He is in training all the time."

I say little of responsibility to younger students. An older student who misleads a younger gets just about the name he

deserves. Even the Sophomore who seriously hazes a Freshman is now in the better colleges recognized as a coward. Cowardice once recognized, cannot long prevail; yet there was a time when it took a deal of courage for a few young men in one of our great colleges to stop an outbreak of hazing. It took a deal of courage; but they did it. After all, a student admires nothing so much as "sand." What he needs is to see that "sand" belongs not merely in war and athletics, but in everyday life, and that in everyday life "sand" may be accumulated. A Harvard student, it is said, was nearly dressed one morning and was choosing a necktie, when his door, which with the carelessness of youth he had left unlocked, suddenly opened. A woman entered, closed the door behind her, put her back to it, and said, "I want fifty dollars. If you don't give it to me, I shall scream." The young man, still examining his neckties, quietly replied,

"You 'd better holler;" and the woman went out. Had he given her money, had he even paid serious attention to her threat, he might have been in her power for life; but his coolness saved him. Another undergraduate, who before coming to college had worked as an engineer, and who was a few years older than most of his class, went one evening to an officer of the college who knew something of him, and said, "I hardly know just how I ought to speak to you; but in my building there is a Freshman who is going to pieces, and a Senior who is largely responsible for it." He then told what he had seen, and gave the names of both men. "If I look this up," said the college officer, "are you willing to appear in it? Are you willing to have your name known?" "I 'd rather not be 'queered,'" he answered; "but if it is necessary to be 'queered,' I will be." All this happened in a college which employs no spies and discourages tale-

bearing. For anything the student knew, the officer himself might think him a malicious informer. The "sand" in the hero of the first of these little stories any boy would see. To see the "sand" in the hero of the second takes some experience; but "sand," and "sand" of the finest quality, was there. This man's notion of the responsibility of older students to younger ones had in it something positive. "You have no idea," said a senator to Father Taylor, the sailor preacher, who had rebuked him for his vote, "You have no idea what the outside pressure was." "Outside pressure, Mr. Senator! Outside pressure! Where were your inside braces?" To run the risk of being thought a common informer when you are not, and to run it because you cannot let a man go under without trying to pull him out, requires such inside braces as few undergraduates possess.

Let me say, however, that there is no

better hope for Harvard College than in the readiness of the strong to help the weak. A youth is summoned to the college office, behindhand in his work, and bad in his way of living. The Faculty has done its best for him, and to no purpose. A student of acknowledged standing in athletics and in personal character appears at the office, and says, "I should like to see whether I can make that man work and keep him straight." This, or something like this, occurs so often that it is an important part of the college life. Moreover, when the strong man comes, he does not come with the foolish notion that he shall help the weak man in the eyes of the college office by pretending that he is not weak. He takes the case as it stands, knowing that his own purpose and that of the college office are one and the same, — to keep the student, if he can be made into a man, and otherwise in all kindness to send him home.

One more responsibility needs mentioning here, — responsibility to our work. In college, it is said, a man of fair capacity may do well one thing beside his college work, and one thing only. Those of us who are so fortunate as to earn our own living must spend most of our waking hours in work. It follows that we must learn to enjoy work or be unhappy. Now we learn to enjoy work by working; to get interested in any task by doing it with all our strength. This is the first lesson of scholarship: without it we cannot be scholars; and only by courtesy can we be called students. This is the first lesson of happy activity in life. In athletics, in music, in study, in business, we "train" ourselves toward the free exercise of our best powers, toward the joy that comes of mastery. A college oarsman once declared that after a season on the slides he felt able to undertake anything. The intellectual interests of a modern university

are bewildering and intense. Among them every intelligent youth can find something worthy of his best labors, something in which his best labors will yield enjoyment beyond price. Right-minded students see the noble opportunity in a college life; and there is no sadder sight than the blindness of those who do not see it until it is lost forever.

While speaking of the intellectual side of college life, I may warn students against becoming specialists too early. Every study has some connection with every other and gets some light from it; but a specialty, seriously undertaken, compels a close study of itself, and may leave little time for other study. An unenlightened specialist is a narrow being; and he who becomes an exclusive specialist before he has been in college two years is usually unenlightened. Even after the choice of a specialty, a student, like a professional man, may wisely

reserve one corner of his mind for something totally different from his specialty, and may find in that little corner a relief which makes him a better specialist. It is good for a man buried in a chemical laboratory to take a course in English poetry; it is good for a man steeped in literature to have a mild infusion of chemistry.

The lazy student (if I may return to him now) finds the thread of his study broken by his frequent absences from the lecture room, and finds the lecture hour a long, dull period of hard seats and wandering thoughts. Note-taking would shorten the hour, soften the seats, simplify the subject, and make the whole situation vastly more interesting. No matter if some clever students are willing to sell him notes, and he has no scruples about buying them; the mere process of note-taking, apart from the education and training in it, gives him something to do in the lecture room, makes it im-

possible for him not to know something of the subject, and shortens his period of cramming for examination. I believe, further, that a student's happiness is increased by a time-table of regular hours for work in each study. The preparation of theses, and the necessity of using library books when other people are not using them, make it hard now and then to follow a time-table strictly ; but in general such a table is a wonderful saver of time. If a student leaves one lecture room at ten and goes to another at twelve and has no idea what he wishes to do between ten and twelve, he is likely to do nothing. Even if he has determined to study, he loses time in getting under way — in deciding what to study. Work with a time-table tends to promptness in transition ; and when the time-table for the day is carried out, the free hours are truly free, a time of clear and well-earned recreation. At school the morning routine is prescribed by the teacher. At col-

lege, where it should be prescribed by the student, it frequently breaks down. A man's freedom, as viewed with a boy's eyes, is liberty to waste time: it is the luxury of spending the best morning hours in a billiard room, or loafing in a classmate's "study;" the joy of hearing the bell ring and ring for *you*, while you sit high above the slaves of toil and puff the smoke of cigarettes with the superb indifference of a small cloud-compelling Zeus. The peculiar evil in cigarettes I leave for scientific men to explain; I know merely that among college students the excessive cigarette smokers are recognized even by other smokers as representing the feeblest form of intellectual and moral life. At their worst they have no backbone; they cannot tell (and possibly cannot see) the truth; and they loaf. Senator Hoar, in an address to Harvard students, remarked that in his judgment the men who succeed best in life are the men who have made the best

use of the odd moments at college, and that, contrary to the general opinion, it is worse to loaf in college than to loaf in a professional school. The young lawyer, he observed, who has neglected the law may make up his deficiencies in the early years of his practice; "he will have plenty of time then:" but there is no recovery of the years thrown away at college.

Once more, if we could only teach by the experience of others, we should save untold misery. I met not long since a young business man who had been for four years on and off probation in Harvard College and had not yet received his degree. In college he had seemed dull. He probably thought he worked, because his life was broken into, more or less, by college exercises, which he attended with some regularity. Now he is really working, with no time to make up college deficiencies, ready to admit that in college he hardly knew the meaning of work,

and to say simply and spontaneously, "I made a fool of myself in college." Another student, who did nothing in his studies, who spent four or five thousand dollars a year, and who constantly hired tutors to do his thinking, was finally expelled because he got a substitute to write an examination for him. Home trouble followed college trouble; he was thrown on himself and into the cold world; and he became a man. From scrubbing street cars, he was promoted to running them; from running them to holding a place of trust with men to do his orders. "Every day," he said, "I feel the need of what I threw away at college. Do you think if I came back I should need any more tutors? I'd go through quicker than anything, with nobody to help me. What sent me away was the one dishonest thing in my life." The dishonest thing came about through loafing.

Even socially, as I have intimated, the

loafer seldom or never wins the highest college success. Graduating classes bestow their honors on men who have "done something," — athletics, college journalism, debating, if you will, not necessarily hard study in the college course, but hard and devoted work in something, and work with an unselfish desire to help the college and the class. At Harvard College in the class of 1899 all three marshals graduated with distinction in their studies. By the beginning of the Senior year the class knows the men to be relied on, the men who are "there," and knows that they are men of active life.

I have spoken earlier of a student's responsibility to some unknown girl who is to be his wife. What is his responsibility to a known girl with whom in college days he falls in love? Just as college Faculties are blind to the effect of social ambition in students, they are blind to the effect of sweethearts. I

do not quite know what they could do if their eyes were opened; for college rules, happily, must be independent of sweethearts. I mean merely that scores of cases in which students break rules, "cut" lectures, disappear for a day or two without permission, and do other things that look rebellious, are readily accounted for by the disquieting influence of girls. What students do (or don't) when they are in love is a pretty good test of their character. One drops his work altogether, and devotes what time he cannot spend with the girl to meditating upon her. He can think of nothing else; and accordingly for her sake he becomes useless. Another sets his teeth, and works hard. "She is," he says naturally enough, "infinitely above me. How She ever can care for me, I do not know; whether She ever will, I do not know; but I will be what I can and do what I can. I will do whatever I do as if I were doing it for Her.

I *am* doing it for Her. If I succeed, it will be through Her; if my success pleases Her, I shall be repaid."

No girl worth having will think better of a man for shirking his plain duty in order to hang about her. No girl likes a "quitter;" and most girls agree with the heroine of Mr. Kipling's beautiful story, "William the Conqueror," when she says, "I like men who do things." The story shows with profound and exquisite truth how two persons of strong character may grow into each other's love and into an understanding of it by doing their separate duties. To go on, girl or no girl, without excuses small or great; to do the appointed task and to do it cheerfully amid all distractions, all sorrows, all heartaches; to make routine (not blind but enlightened routine) your friend — thus it is that by and by when you meet the hard blows of the world you can

"Go labor on; spend and be spent."

Thus it is that you find the strength which is born of trained capacity for interest in daily duty.

On the banks of the Connecticut is a school without a loafer in it. The scholars are needy for the most part, and so grimly in earnest that only a printed regulation restrains them from getting up "before 5 A. M." without permission. I am far from recommending study before breakfast, or loss of the night's sleep; but I admire the whole-hearted energy with which these boys and grown men seize the opportunity of their lives. I admire the same energy in athletics, if a student will only remember that his athletics are for his college, not his college for his athletics.

One more caution for college life and for after life. Do not let your ideals get shopworn. Keep the glory of your youth. A man with no visions, be he young or old, is a poor thing. There is no place like a college for visions and ideals; and

it is through our visions, through our ideals, that we keep high our standard of character and life. No man's character is fixed; and no responsible man is overconfident of his own. It is the part of every boy when he arrives at manhood to recognize as one of his greatest dangers the fading of the vision, and to set himself against this danger with all his might. It is only the man with ideals who is founded on a rock, and resists the rains and the floods.

A vigorous young fellow, fresh from college, went into a business house at four dollars a week, and rapidly rose to a well-paid and responsible position. One day he received from a member of the firm an order to do something that he thought dishonorable. He showed the order to the member of the firm whom he knew best, and asked him what he thought of it.

"Come and dine with me," said his patron, "and we will talk it over."

"Excuse me," said the young man. "Any other day I should be glad to dine with you; but this matter is business."

"Look!" said the other. "Business is war; and if you do not do these things in business, you can't live."

"I don't believe it," said the young man. "If I did, I should n't be here. I leave your employ Saturday night;" — and, to the amazement of the firm, he left it forever.

"And virtue's whole sum is but know and dare,"

said a great poet in one of his greatest moments. It takes a man with ideals to begin all over again, abandoning the kind of work in which he has won conspicuous success, and abandoning it because he finds that its methods, though accepted by business men generally, are for him dishonorable.

In and out of college the man with ideals helps, so far as in him lies, his

college and his country. It is hard for a boy to understand that in life, whatever he does, he helps to make or mar the name of his college. I have said "in life" — I may say also "in death." Not long since, I saw a Harvard Senior on what proved to be his death-bed. The people at the hospital declared that they had never seen such pain borne with such fortitude, — "and," said the Medical Visitor of the University, "he was through it all such a gentleman." A day or two before his death an attendant asked him whether he felt some local pain. "I did not," said he, "until you gave me that medicine." Then instantly he added, miserably weak and suffering as he was, "I beg your pardon. You know and I don't. It may be the medicine had nothing to do with my pain." I believe no man or woman in the ward saw that boy die without seeing also a new meaning and a new beauty in the college whose name he bore. As has often been said, the youth

who loves his Alma Mater will always ask, not "What can she do for me?" but "What can I do for her?"

Responsibility is — first, last, and always — the burden of my song, a student's responsibility to home, to fellow students, to school, to college, and (let me add once more) to the girl whom he will ask some day to be his wife. "Moral taste," as Miss Austen calls it, is nothing without moral force. "If," said a college President to a Freshman class, "you so live that in a few years you will be a fit companion for an intellectual, high-minded, pure-hearted woman, you will not go far wrong." Keep her in mind always, or, if you are not imaginative enough for that, remember that the lines

"No spring nor summer's beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in one autumnal face"

were written of a good man's mother.

COLLEGE HONOR

To an American college the word of all words is "truth." "Veritas" is the motto of Harvard; "Lux et Veritas" the motto of Yale. On one of the new Harvard gates is inscribed the command from the song in Isaiah, "Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in;" and no better text can be found for the sons of our universities than "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." To guard the truth and to proclaim the truth are duties which the better colleges have, on the whole, honestly performed. Now and then, in the fancied opposition of religion and science, a college has preferred to guard what it believes to be one kind of truth rather

than to proclaim another. "This is not a comfortable place to teach science in," said a young geologist who had gone from Harvard to a university in the West. "The President says, 'If anybody asks questions about the antiquity of the earth, send him to me.'" Yet, in our older and stronger colleges at any rate, fearless investigation and free and fearless speech are the rule, even at the sacrifice of popularity and of money.

Now, whether truth be truth of religion, or of science, or of commerce, or of intercourse among fellow men, a college to stand for it must believe in it. As an institution of learning, a college must be an institution of truth; as a school of character, it must be a school of integrity. It can have no other justification. Yet, outside of politicians and horse-traders, no men are more commonly charged with disingenuousness than college presidents; and in no respectable community are certain kinds of dishon-

esty more readily condoned than among college students. The relation of college to college, whether in a conference of professors or in a contest of athletes, is too often a relation of suspicion, if not of charge and countercharge. Intercollegiate discussion of admission requirements may have an atmosphere, not of common interest in education, but of rivalry in intercollegiate politics; and, as everybody knows, a discussion of athletics at one college frequently shows an almost complete want of confidence in the honesty of athletics at another. Yet every college would maintain steadily, and nearly every college would maintain honestly, that it stands for the truth.

When I speak of a college as believing in the truth, I mean first that its President and Faculty must be honest and fearless; but I mean more than this. I mean also that a high standard of honor must be maintained by its undergraduates; for, far beyond the belief of most

men, the standing of a college in the community and the effect of a college in the country depend on the personal character of the undergraduates. This personal character depends in a measure on the straightforwardness and the human quality of the college teachers; but what Cardinal Newman says of intellectual development in the university is equally true of moral development: —

"When a multitude of young men, keen, open-hearted, sympathetic, and observant, as young men are, come together and freely mix with each other, they are sure to learn one from another, even if there be no one to teach them; the conversation of all is a series of lectures to each, and they gain for themselves new ideas and views, fresh matter of thought, and distinct principles for judging and acting day by day.

. . . . . .

"I am but saying that that youthful community will constitute a whole, it

will embody a specific idea, it will represent a doctrine, it will administer a code of conduct, and it will furnish principles of thought and action. It will give birth to a living teaching, which in the course of time will take the shape of a self-perpetuating tradition, or a *genius loci*, as it is sometimes called; which haunts the home where it has been born, and which imbues and forms, more or less, and one by one, every individual who is successively brought under its shadow. Thus it is that, independent of direct instruction on the part of superiors, there is a sort of self-education in the academic institutions of Protestant England; a characteristic tone of thought, a recognized standard of judgment, is found in them, which, as developed in the individual who is submitted to it, becomes a twofold source of strength to him, both from the distinct stamp it impresses on his mind, and from the bond of union which it creates be-

tween him and others, — effects which are shared by the authorities of the place, for they themselves have been educated in it, and at all times are exposed to the influence of its ethical atmosphere."

In any community the students of a college make a tremendous power for good or evil; and by them in college, and by them after they have left college, their college shall be judged. If, as Cardinal Newman puts it, the practical end of a university course is "training good members of society" (and, I may add, training leaders of men), nothing can be of more importance in a university, and scarcely anything can be of more importance in a community, than the attitude of undergraduates in questions of truth and falsehood.

Those who constantly inspect this attitude find much to encourage them. The undergraduate standard of honor for college officers is so sensitively high that no one need despair of the students'

ethical intelligence. No doubt, disingenuousness is sometimes believed of the wrong man; the upright professor with a reserved or forbidding manner may get a name for untrustworthiness, while the honor of his less responsible but more genial colleague is unquestioned: yet the blindness here is the blindness of youthful prejudice. The nature of disingenuousness is seen clearly enough; and the recognition of it in an instructor condemns him for all time. There is indeed but one way in which a man without extraordinary personal charm may gain and keep the confidence of students: by scrupulous openness in all his dealings with them, great or small. A moment's forgetfulness, a moment's evasiveness, — even a moment's appearance of evasiveness, — may crack the thin ice on which every college officer is skating as best he can; and the necessity of keeping the secrets of less scrupulous persons may break it through. In some

ways all this is healthy. A young fellow who sees a high standard of truth for anybody's conduct may in time see it for his own. All he needs is to discover that the world was not made for him only; and a year or two out of college should teach him that. What he lacks is not principle, but experience and readjustment. This is the lack in the average undergraduate. It is only a highly exceptional student who speaks frankly to all (college officers included) of the lies he has told in tight places, and who seems never to question an implied premise that in tight places all men lie.

Another healthy sign is the high standard of honor in athletic training. This standard, indeed, may be cruelly high. The slightest breach of training condemns a student in the eyes of a whole college, and is almost impossible to live down. Still another healthy sign is the character of the men whom, in our best

colleges, the undergraduates instinctively choose as class presidents, as athletic captains, and in general as leaders. Grown men, electing a President of the United States for four years, are not always so fortunate as Harvard Freshmen, who after eight or ten weeks of college experience choose one of their own number for an office which he is practically sure to hold throughout the four college years.[1] With few exceptions, our undergraduate leaders are straightforward, manly fellows, who will join college officers in any honest partnership for the good of one student or of all, and who shrink from any kind of meanness.

Want of a fine sense of honor appears chiefly in athletic contests, in the authorship of written work, in excuses for neglect of study, in the relation of students to the rights of persons who are not stu-

[1] Class presidents are usually football players; and, as a student once observed, "When a feller plays football, it does n't take long to find out what kind of a feller he is."

dents, and in questions of duty to all who are, or who are to be, nearest and dearest. Here are the discouraging signs; but even these are a part of that lopsided immaturity which characterizes privileged youth. It is natural, as has been said, for boys to grow like colts, one end at a time. The pity is that the boy, who determines in a measure his own growth, should be so late in developing the power to put himself into another's place; that the best education which the country can proffer is so slow in teaching to the chosen youth of the nation the Golden Rule, or even that part of the Golden Rule which results in common honesty; that the average college boy, frank and manly as he is, is honest in spots, and shows in his honesty little sense of proportion.

Take, for instance, that part of college life into which the average boy throws himself with most enthusiasm, — athletic sport, — and see how far our students

have fallen below the ideal of honesty, how far they still remain from a clear sense of proportion. I recognize the place of strategy in athletics; and I by no means agree with the gentleman who stigmatized a college catcher as "up to all the professional tricks" because "he made a feint of throwing the ball in one direction, and then threw it in another:" yet the necessity of trusting a game to what the umpire sees is deplorable. A whole-souled and straightforward young athlete told me once, with smiling good humor, that a football player in his own college (who had everybody's respect) owed his success in the game to a knack of holding his opponent in such a manner as made his opponent seem to hold him. Few college catchers, I suspect, systematically resist the temptation of pulling down a "ball" to make it look like a "strike;" and many cultivate skill in this sleight of hand as a cardinal point in the game. Even players who

trip others, though in public they may be hissed, and in private talked about as "muckers," are likely to remain in the team, and in some colleges may become captains (whereas a Freshman who breaks training by smoking a single cigarette may be "queered" for his whole college course). Many ball players use their tongues to confound or excite their adversaries; and whole armies of students, supported by a well-meaning college press, make a business of "rattling" a rival team by what ought to be an inspiration, and not a weapon, defensive or offensive, — organized cheering. The youth who plays a clean game is admired, but not always followed; and the doctrine of Mr. Henry L. Higginson and Mr. R. C. Lehmann, that a clean game comes first, and winning comes second, though it strikes undergraduates as faultless in theory and as endearing in the men who preach it, is not always suffered, in a hard game, to

interfere with "practical baseball" or "practical football," — expressions used among undergraduates much as "practical politics" is used among men of the world.

College dishonesty in written work is hard to eradicate, because rooted in impalpable tradition, — that damaging tradition which exempts students from the ordinary rules of right living, and regards as venial, or even as humorous, acts intrinsically allied to those of the impostor, the forger, and the thief. It is incredible that a youth of eighteen should not see the dishonesty of handing in as his own work, for his own credit, a piece of writing which he has copied from a newspaper or from a book, or from the writing of a fellow student, or which he has paid another man to write for him. Nobody who can get into college is so stupid that he cannot see the lie involved. Everybody sees it clearly if the writing is for a

prize, and if the fraud deprives a fellow student of his fair chance; but if a youth has spent all his available time in athletics, or in billiards, or at clubs, or at dances, or at the theatre, and if a thesis is due the next day, what is he to do? "A man must live," is a common cry of dishonest persons out of college; and "A man must get through," is a sufficient excuse for the dishonesty of students. In talking with these dishonest students, I have been struck by two things: first, by their apparent inability to see that nobody ever *has* to hand in anything, and that handing in nothing is infinitely better than handing in a dishonest thing; next, by their feeling that their own cases are exceptional, since the wrong was done "under pressure," — as if pressure did not account for the offences of all amateur liars and forgers. In many students, also, there remains a trace of the old feeling that to cheat is one thing, and to cheat a teacher is

another. Here is where generations of tricky schoolboys have established a practice as hard to overthrow by logic as love of country or love of liquor, — or anything else, good or bad, which depends on custom and feeling rather than on reason. We may prove that it is not honest to call a man we hate "Dear Sir," or to call ourselves his "very truly;" but custom sanctions it, and he expects nothing better (or worse). We know that killing harmless animals beyond what can be used as food is wanton destruction of life precious to its possessors; but good people go on fishing and shooting. Just so, if there is a tradition that teachers are fair game, and if the leaders among boys so regard them, there is no social ostracism for dishonesty in written work. Dishonest boys admit that an instructor who should print as his own what his pupils afterwards discovered in an earlier publication by another author would be de-

spised forever. Here, as elsewhere, the students' standard for the Faculty is faultlessly high; here, as elsewhere, what they need is to open their eyes to their own relative position among men, — to see that, if people who cheat them are liars, they themselves, whatever their social self-complacency, are liars also if they cheat other people. I would not give the impression that most students cheat or fail to condemn cheating, or that colleges are not making steady progress toward a higher sense of honor in this matter which would be clear to a right-minded child of ten. I mean merely that, whereas outside of college (and the custom house) the act of obvious dishonesty commonly puts the man into bad repute, among undergraduates the man often brings the act into better repute by elevating it socially; and that this is a disgrace to an institution which counts as its members the chosen youth of an enlightened country. In this mat-

ter, it is encouraging to note the feeling of the better students in Mr. Flandrau's clever Diary of a Freshman; yet even there the offence carries with it little or nothing of social condemnation. It is encouraging, also, to note the success of the so-called "honor system" in schools and colleges which have adopted it, and the ostracism of those students who have proved false to it. For myself, I cannot see why a proctor in the examination room is more than a reasonable safeguard, or why his presence there should be more offensive than that of a policeman in the street, — to a student honest and mature. It is only boys (whatever their age) who take umbrage when a man counts their change, or verifies their assertions, or audits their accounts, or refuses without security to cash their checks, or refuses to please them by testifying to what he does not know. You may believe in a boy through and through, and by showing your belief in

him you may help him to be honest; but your belief in him does not warrant your official testimony that he has successfully completed a certain work, if you have no evidence but his own declaration and the silence of his fellows. Moreover, so far as my experience goes, the hotbeds of college cheating are not the important examinations superintended by proctors; they are written "quizzes" in the crowded classroom, or themes, theses, forensics, compositions in foreign languages, mathematical problems, — any kind of written work done out of the classroom; and in all these latter cases the students, whether they know it or not, are "put on their honor." Theoretically, though in a doubtful case I should always accept the word of a suspected student, I object to the honor system as nursing a false sensitiveness that resents a kind of supervision which everybody must sooner or later accept, and as taking from the degree some part

of its sanction. If a student vouches for his own examinations, why, it has been asked, should he not sign his own diploma, and stand on his honor before the world as he has stood on it before the Faculty? Yet, practically, I am told, the honor system bids fair, where it has been adopted, "to revolutionize the whole spirit of undergraduate intercourse with the Faculty." It is, at any rate, as one of my correspondents says, a "systematic endeavor by undergraduates themselves to establish a much better moral code in relation to written work," and is therefore "an immense moral gain in itself." Besides, I have yet to meet a single man who has lived under the honor system (as I have not) who does not give it, in spite, perhaps, of *a priori* scepticism, his absolute faith. Sound or unsound, the honor system has in it signs of hope.

The notion that makeshifts and excuses in place of attendance and work

are different at college from what they are elsewhere is another aspect of the tradition to which I have referred. Able-bodied youths are afflicted with diseases that admit all pleasures and forbid all duties, and if questioned closely are offended because their word is not accepted promptly and in full, even when it is obviously of little worth. The dissipation of a night brings the headache of a morning; and the student excuses himself as too sick for college work. On the day before a ball and on the day after it, a severe cold prevents a student from attendance at college exercises; but he goes to the ball. Many undergraduates treat their academic engagements in a way that would lose them positions at any business house inside of a week; yet no remorse affects their appetites or their sleep. In this world, by the way, it is not the just who sleep; it is the irresponsible.

The openness with which these worth-

less excuses are offered is a sign that the trouble is perverted vision rather than radical moral obliquity. An ingenuous youth, prevented by a cold from going to college exercises, stood on a windy ball field one raw day in the spring, and, unabashed, coached his men before the eyes of the officer whose business it was to call him to account. Another insisted to the same officer that a mark of absence against him in a large lecture course was a mistake; and when told that it was not, exclaimed with honest warmth, "Then the fellow who promised to sit in my seat did n't do it!" Both of these boys were blinded by the tradition which nearly all college literature has fostered, and which nothing but eternal vigilance and constant and prolonged care can destroy. It is this tradition which led a professor to say, "Students who won't lie to an individual will lie to the college office; it is a soulless, impersonal thing."

Another aspect of this same compre-

hensive tradition is the enthusiasm of some Freshmen for stealing signs. There was, indeed, a time when timid Freshmen *bought* signs, to have the reputation of "ragging" them. The word "rag," as I have said elsewhere, is more local, more specific, and, when applied to our own acts or to those of our friends, less embarrassing than the word "steal." No doubt the college stealer of signs, whether youth or maiden, steals for fun, and has not the same motive as the common thief; yet the motive, as I see it, is no higher. The implied general proposition at the root of the act is the proposition that students' privileges include the privilege of disregarding the rights of others; the assumption that the world, of which so much is bestowed on them, is theirs, — to disport themselves in. Sometimes the stealing takes the form of destroying property (breaking glass, for instance); sometimes of robbing the very mother who shelters the robber. "Do you re-

member what fun we had burning that pile of lumber in front of Matthews Hall?" said a middle-aged clergyman to a classmate. Yet Matthews Hall was a generous gift to the University; and the students who destroyed the lumber were picking the pocket of a benefactor or of the Alma Mater herself. Destruction of property is often an attempt to celebrate athletic success; it is, if the phrase is pardonable, an ebullition of misfit loyalty to the college whose property is sacrificed, as if the son of a successful candidate for the presidency of the United States should celebrate his father's victory by burning down his father's house. Sometimes undergraduates "pinch" bits of college property as trophies, just as modern pilgrims have shown their respect for the Pilgrim Fathers by chipping off pieces of Plymouth Rock. These kinds of college dishonesty are happily lessening, and are regarded as pardonable in Freshmen only,

—as evidence of "freshness" pure and simple. That they exist at all is not merely a scandal to the good name of the college, but a menace to its prosperity. The few foolish boys who are guilty of them stand in the unthinking public mind for the noble universities which they misrepresent, until irritated tradesmen and city governments forget what the college does for the community, and view it merely as a rich corporation that escapes taxes and fills the city with insolent and dishonest youth. The irresponsibility of some students in money matters, their high-minded indignation if a tradesman to whom they have owed money for years demands it in a manner that does not meet their fancy, increases the irritation; and incalculable damage is done.

After all, the most serious aspect of college dishonesty is the dishonesty of vice. Many persons who condemn vice believe nevertheless that it belongs with

a character which, though its strength is perverted, is open and hearty; and now and then this belief seems justified: but those who see at close range the effects of vice remember that bound up with most of it is, and must be, faithlessness to father and mother, and to the wife and children who are soon to be. College sentiment condemns habitual vice. Like the sentiment of the world at large, it is lenient (to men only) in occasional lapses from virtue, — unless a lapse involves a breach of athletic training. Here too we mark that want of proportion which characterizes undergraduate judgments of college honor. The youth who squanders in vice the money which his father, at a sacrifice, has sent him for his term bill may be a good fellow yet; the youth who breaks training is a disgrace to his Alma Mater.

In dwelling on certain kinds of college dishonesty, I have not forgotten that in some respects the college sense of

honor is the keenest in the community, and that no higher ideal can be found on earth than in the best thought of our best universities. What I have pointed out must be taken as stray survivals of an intensely vital tradition, — survivals which in a democracy like our own have no right to be. The public sentiment of our colleges is becoming, year by year, cleaner and clearer-sighted. We move forward, and not slowly. What makes some persons impatient is the need of teaching to the picked young men of America that a lie is a lie, whoever tells it, and a theft a theft, whoever commits it; and that a college student, though he gains more blessings than his neighbor, does not gain thereby the right to appropriate his neighbor's goods. In our impatience, we forget that to teach an axiom takes years and generations if the axiom contradicts tradition; and we forget that, when all is said, our undergraduates themselves are constantly purifying and uplifting college honor.

ROUTINE AND IDEALS

THE older I grow, the more strongly I feel that the best thing in man or woman is being "*there*." Physical bravery, which is always inspiring, is surprisingly common; but the sure and steady quality of being "there" belongs to comparatively few. This is why we hear on every hand, "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself;" not because the man who wants it done is best able to do it, but because to many persons it seems a hopeless quest to look for any one who cares enough for them, who can put himself vigorously enough into their places, to give them his best, to give them intelligent, unremitting, loyal service until the job is done, — not half done, or nine

tenths done, or ninety-nine hundredths done, but done, with intelligence and devotion in every nail he drives, or every comma he writes. Some are reluctant, some afraid of doing more than they are paid for, some indifferent, some obligingly helpful but not well trained and not so deeply devoted as to train themselves. I suppose that in one sphere of life or another a number of these persons earn what they get. Yet sometimes I think there are only two kinds of service, — that which is not worth having at any price, and that for which no money can pay. All of us know a few who give this latter kind of service, and know what they are to us, and to every one with whom they deal. These are the people who are "there."

Now being "there" is the result of three things, — intelligence, constant practice, and something hard to define but not too fancifully called an ideal. Of intelligence everybody can see the need;

but not everybody knows how little quickness of mind is required. As Senator Hoar once told the highest scholars in Harvard College, much of the good work in the world has been that of dull men who have done their best. Moderate intelligence, with devotion behind it, and with constant exercise in the right direction, has produced some of the most valuable among men and women.

The best thing education can do is to make moral character efficient through mental discipline. Here we come to the need of training, and to the question whether the education of to-day trains boys and girls (I do not say as it should, but as it might) for thorough, and responsible, and unselfish work.

Professor A. S. Hill cautions writers against "announcing platitudes as if they were oracles," and against "apologizing for them as if they were original sin." I am in danger of both these transgressions. In proclaiming that there is no

education without hard work, I may seem to proclaim a platitude of the first water; yet you can hardly call any proposition a platitude if its acceptance depends on its interpretation. To me the proposition means, nobody can get an education without working for it; to some others it appears to mean, nobody can get an education without other people's working to give it to him, or even to make him like it well enough to take it; and my interpretation, that he cannot get it without working hard himself, though it strikes me as so obvious that I am half ashamed to mention it, strikes others as a reversion to a narrow and harsh conservatism, to the original sin of a time when an education was a Procrustes bed, which now strained and stretched the mind until it broke, and now lopped every delicate outgrowth of the soul.

Of all discoveries in modern education the most beautiful is the recognition of individual need and individual claim,

of the infinite and fascinating variety in human capacity, of the awful responsibility for those who by the pressure of dull routine would stifle a human soul, of the almost divine mission for those who help a human soul into the fulness of life. For what is nearer the divine than to see that a child has life, and has it more abundantly? "The past was wrong," says the educator of to-day; "let us right it. Education has been dark and cruel; let us make it bright and kind." Thus it comes to pass that, as many a prosperous father whose boyhood was pinched by poverty is determined that his son shall not suffer as he himself has suffered, and throws away on him money wnich he in turn throws away on folly and on vice, — as such a father saps a young man's strength in trying to be generous, so does many an educator of to-day, atoning for the cruelty of the past by the enervating luxury of the present, sap a child's

strength in trying to be kind, change a Procrustes bed to a bed of roses. Cruel as it is to assume that a boy or a girl who is dull in one or two prescribed subjects is a dunce, it may be equally cruel to watch every inclination of the young mind, and to bend school requirements to its desires and whims. How many persons we know whose lives and whose friends' lives are embittered because they have had from childhood their own way, and who, if their eyes are once opened to the selfishness of their position, denounce the weakness of those who in their childhood yielded to them! Unless we abandon as obsolete the notion that children are the better for obedience, why should we give them full swing in the choice of a time for doing sums or for learning to read? If we do not insist that a boy shall brush his hair till he longs to have it smooth, and if then we brush it for him, we are not educating him in either

neatness or efficiency; and for aught I can see, the analogy holds good. I once knew a boy of sixteen or seventeen whose mother had done most of his reading for him. His eyes were sharp enough for things he liked (such as turtles and snakes); but he had trained them so little in the alphabet that in Latin he was quite impartial in deciding whether u followed by t was *ut* or *tu*. The effect on his translation may be easily conceived. I do not mean that he made this particular mistake many times; I mean that he was constantly making mistakes of this character; that in general he had not been trained to observe just what were the letters before him, or in what order they came. Why then teach him Latin? He was to be a scientific man, and needed some language beside his own: yet how could he learn a foreign language? how could he learn his own language? how could he learn anything from a book? how was he training him-

self to be "there"? "Do not make a child read," some educators say, "until he finds the need of reading, and learns for his own pleasure. Do not enfeeble his mind by forcing it." "Do not enfeeble his mind," one might answer, "by letting it go undisciplined." If he begins late, when he has felt the need, he may learn to read rapidly; but will he have the patience for those small accuracies which form the basis of accuracy in later life, and which, unless learned early, are seldom learned at all? Do not give the child long hours; do not take away the freshness of his mind by pressing him; go slowly, but go thoroughly. Teach him, whatever he does, to do it as well as he can. Then show him how next time he can do better; and when next time comes, make him do better. However short the school hours may be, however much outside of the school may rouse or charm his mind, make him feel that school standards are high, that

school work is to be done, and done well. If you are teaching a girl to sweep, you do not let her sweep the lint under the table. Why, if you are teaching a child to study, should you let him study in a slovenly way? Why, for instance, should you teach him reading without spelling? Get into him as early as you can a habit of thoroughness as an end in itself, of thoroughness for its own sake, and he will soon find that being thorough is interesting; that against the pain of working when he feels indolent, he may match the pain of not doing what ought to be done, just as one kind of microbe is injected to kill another. When he once gets this habit firmly fixed in him (I may say, when it has once fixed itself upon him), he may have all sorts of intellectual freedom and be safe.

Immature people constantly cry out against routine. Yet routine is an almost necessary condition of effective human life. An undisciplined genius, like Shel-

ley's, inspires now and then; a spirit like Milton's, as eager for liberty, and as impatient of bondage, yet forced, by the man it animated, to do his bidding, which rightly or wrongly he believed to be the bidding of God, inspires oftener and deeper. If routine is forced upon us, we are delivered from the great temptation of letting industry become a matter of caprice, and of waiting for perfect mental and physical conditions (Italiam fugientem) before we settle down to our work. If routine is not forced upon us, we must force it upon ourselves, or we shall go to pieces. "Professor X is a dry teacher. Shakspere is the greatest of poets, and hence one of the greatest inspirers of men. Why is n't it better to cut Professor X's lecture and read Shakspere, — or even to read Kipling?" First and obviously, because you can read Shakspere at another time, whereas Professor X's lecture is given at a fixed hour, is part of a course, and a link in an im-

portant chain. Next, because attending Professor X's lecture is for the time being your business. The habit of attending to business is a habit you must form and keep, before you can be regarded as "there." Moreover this habit does away with all manner of time-wasting indecision. If you take the hour for Shakspere, you may spend half of it in questioning what play to begin, or whether to read another author after all, — and meantime a friend drops in. "I know a person," says Professor James, "who will poke the fire, set chairs straight, pick dust-specks from the floor, arrange his table, snatch up the newspaper, take down any book which catches his eye, trim his nails, waste the morning *anyhow*, in short, and all without premeditation, — simply because the one thing he *ought* to attend to is the preparation of a noon-day lesson in formal logic which he detests — anything but *that!*" It is astonishing how eagerly men strug-

gle to escape from the training that prepares them for life, how they labor to convince themselves that what they long to do is worthier and nobler than what they ought to do — and must do if they are to succeed in what they long to do. I once knew a student, against all advice, to leave college in the middle of the Freshman year, because, since he was going into the ministry, he was eager to devote his whole time to the Bible. Later he saw his mistake, and came back. I knew another and a wiser student who, having gone into the ministry without a college education, left it for years of sacrifice in money and of the hardest kind of work, to win that knowledge of books and men without which no modern minister is equipped for efficient service. The efficient people are those who know their business and do it promptly and patiently, who when leisure comes have earned it, and know they have earned it; who when one

thing is done can turn their attention squarely and completely to the next thing, and do that. The efficient student is he who has as nearly as possible a fixed time for every part of his work; who, if he has a recitation at ten and another at twelve, knows in advance what he is to study at eleven. He has most time for work and most time for unalloyed play, since he makes use of that invaluable friend to labor, — routine. "Habit," says the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, "is a labor-saving invention which enables a man to get along with less fuel, — that is all; for fuel is force, you know, just as much in the page I am writing for you as in the locomotive or the legs which carry it to you." "Habit," says Professor James, "simplifies our movements, makes them accurate, and diminishes fatigue." "Man," he continues, "is born with a tendency to do more things than he has ready-made arrangements for in his nerve-centres.

Most of the performances of other animals are automatic. But in him the number of them is so enormous that most of them must be the fruit of painful study. If practice did not make perfect, nor habit economize the expense of nervous and muscular energy, he would be in a sorry plight. As Dr. Maudsley says: 'If an act became no easier after being done several times, if the careful direction of consciousness were necessary to its accomplishment on each occasion, it is evident that the whole activity of a lifetime might be confined to one or two deeds—that no progress could take place in development. A man might be occupied all day in dressing and undressing himself; the attitude of his body would absorb all his attention and energy; the washing of his hands or the fastening of a button would be as difficult to him on each occasion as to the child on its first trial; and he would, furthermore, be completely exhausted by

his exertions.'" "The great thing, then, in all education," says Professor James, "is to make our nervous system our ally instead of our enemy. It is to fund and capitalize our acquisitions, and live at ease upon the interest of the fund. For this we must make automatic and habitual, as early as possible, as many useful actions as we can, and guard against the growing into ways that are likely to be disadvantageous to us, as we should guard against the plague. The more of the details of our daily life we can hand over to the effortless custody of automatism, the more our higher powers of mind will be set free for their own proper work. There is no more miserable human being than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision. . . . Full half the time of such a man goes to the deciding, or regretting, of matters which ought to be so ingrained in him as practically not to exist for his consciousness at all. If there be such

daily duties not yet ingrained in any one of my readers, let him begin this very hour to set the matter right."

All this shows the true meaning of thoroughness. I have heard it said that thoroughness in education is precisely what we do not want, since thorough work becomes mechanical work, and robs the student of that creative joy which should accompany every exercise of the mind. Yet it is the "effortless custody of automatism" in the lower things that frees the mind for creative joy in the higher. The pianist who cannot through long practice commit to routine all the ordinary movements of the fingers on the keys can never play the music of Schumann or of Beethoven. Sometimes I think that our happiness depends chiefly on our cheerful acceptance of routine, on our refusal to assume, as many do, that daily work and daily duty are a kind of slavery. If we can learn to think of routine as

the best economy, we shall not despise it. People call it benumbing; and so it is if we do not understand it: but if we understand that through it we can do more work in less time, and have more time left for the expansion of our souls, that through it we cultivate the habit which makes people know we can be counted on, we shall cease to say hard things of it. Even in those whose lives are narrowly circumscribed, we see the splendid courage and fidelity which come with faithful routine. The longer I live, the more I admire as a class the women who fill small positions in New England public schools, the typical schoolmistresses or "schoolmarms" of our more Puritanical towns and villages. Their notions of English grammar are as inflexible as their notions of duty; like Overbury's Pedant, they "dare not think a thought that the nominative case governs not the verb;" their theology may be as narrow as their philology;

they have little primnesses that make us smile: but they have the hearts of heroines. Pitifully paid, often with others to support, often subject to ignorant and wrong-headed committees, and obliged against every instinct to adopt new methods when education is periodically overhauled, often with little physical health, and living on courage and "wire," with few social diversions higher than the Sunday School picnic, and few hopes of rest in this world higher than the Home for Aged Women, they are at their posts day by day, week by week, year by year, because they are, as Milton said of Cromwell,

"Guided by faith and matchless fortitude."

What is more inspiring than the men and women who are "there," and "there" not in the high and ambitious moments of life, but on the obscure dead levels that take the heart out of any one who does not see the glory of common things?

These schoolmistresses, though they may not know it, illustrate the absolute necessity of routine for steadily effective living. In little things they may show the hard and wooden quality of a mind that works in the treadmill day after day, and may thus give a handle to those critics who scoff at routine; but if their small accuracies seem pretentiously little, their devotion is unpretentiously great. Through habit, supported by unyielding conscience, they have forced upon themselves a routine without which they could not live.

A boy when he meets with loss or grief or disaster, or even when he feels the excitement of joyful expectation, is likely to stop work altogether. He has "no heart for it," he says; he "cannot do it." A young man crossed in love, a young woman who loses father, mother, or bosom friend — these may pine and fret, and suffer the sorrow for days, or weeks, or months, to stop their lives,

may cease to live except as burdens to themselves and others; but, young or old, a trained man or woman whose heart and will are strong keeps on. There is always somebody or something to work for; and while there is, life must be, and shall become, worth living. "In summer or winter," said the proud advertisement of an old steamboat line, "In summer or winter, in storm or calm, the Commonwealth and the Plymouth Rock invariably make the passage;" and this should be the truth about you and me.

The use of routine to make a sad life endurable was once brought clearly before my mind as I watched the polar bears in the Zoölogical Garden at Central Park. In a kind of grotto cut in a hillside, two polar bears were caged. Two sides of the cage were of sheer rock; two were of iron, one separating the polar bears from the grizzly bears,

and one separating them from the spectators in the Park. The floor of the grotto between the steep rock and the pool of water which represented the Arctic Ocean was narrow; but on it one of the bears was exercising with a rhythmic motion strange and inexpressibly sad. He moved from the centre of the grotto two or three steps toward the rock, swung his head wide and low three times to the right and three times to the left, with a sweep like that of a scythe, stepped back two or three paces, completing a sort of ellipse, stepped forward again, swung his head right and left again three times, precisely as before, — then back, then forward, then swinging, on and on and on. At intervals, whether with numerical precision or not I cannot say, he broke his circuit, walked to the iron fence between him and the grizzly bears, walked back, and began once more the round of motions devised, as it seemed, to save him from madness or

from death. Three times that day I visited him; and always I found him at his self-appointed task, — forward, swing, back, forward, swing, back, on and on and on. The rocky bottom of his den was worn into holes where, always in the same spots, he set his feet in this forlorn attempt to put a saving routine into a hopeless life. Near him, in a narrow house with a little window-like door, a small brown bear moved round and round, casting one quick, sharp glance at the outer world in every round, as he walked briskly by the door; and in a neighboring house a hyena strode angrily back and forth, and back and forth, and back and forth again. Here were captive animals finding in routine the nearest possible approach to an enrichment of their lives.

The reaction against routine in modern education, the notion that children should be pleased with a variety of subjects made easy and interesting, rather

than drilled in a few, and roused to interest themselves in these few and in the thoroughness that drill demands, accounts, I believe, in large measure for the collapse of many a student's will before any subject that requires hard mathematical thinking. In Harvard College an elementary course in philosophy used to begin with lectures on psychology, which fascinated the class; but "oh, the heavy change" when in the second half-year psychology gave place to logic! The text-book, "Jevons's Elementary Lessons," is so simple that any youth of fair intelligence who will come to close quarters with it should master it with ease; yet more than one student, apparently in full health and intelligence, declared that he could make nothing of it, that it was too hard for him altogether. He asked to leave the course, to count the first half of it toward his degree, and to take up something more congenial. These boys, through the labor-saving appliances of

their schools, supplemented by their choice of lecture courses in college, had lost, or what is almost as bad, thought they had lost, the power of close logical application. Worst of all, they had lost the stimulus of surmounting difficulties. How were they training themselves to be "there"?

I constantly meet students who declare that they cannot learn geometry. This commonly means that they hate geometry so cordially as never to give it their close attention. There may be some intelligent persons who cannot learn geometry; but the vast majority of those who think they cannot learn it, learn it if they have to.

"I hold very strongly," says Cardinal Newman, "that the first step in intellectual training is to impress upon a boy's mind the idea of science, method, order, principle, and system; of rule and exception, of richness and harmony. This is commonly and excellently done by mak-

ing him begin with Grammar; nor can too great accuracy, or minuteness and subtlety of teaching be used towards him, as his faculties expand, with this simple purpose. Hence it is that critical scholarship is so important a discipline for him when he is leaving school for the University. A second science is the Mathematics: this should follow Grammar, still with the same object, viz., to give him a conception of development and arrangement from and around a common centre. Hence it is that Chronology and Geography are so necessary for him, when he reads History, which is otherwise little better than a story-book. Hence, too, Metrical Composition, when he reads Poetry; in order to stimulate his powers into action in every practicable way, and to prevent a merely passive reception of images and ideas which in that case are likely to pass out of the mind as soon as they have entered it. Let him once gain this habit of method, of starting from

fixed points, of making his ground good as he goes, of distinguishing what he knows from what he does not know, and I conceive he will be gradually initiated into the largest and truest philosophical views, and will feel nothing but impatience and disgust at the random theories and imposing sophistries and dashing paradoxes, which carry away half-formed and superficial intellects."

The child who learns to do small things well when he is small gets the best training for doing big things well when he is big. He lifts the calf every day; and behold, he has lifted the cow! Wherever you go, you meet, not merely people who scamp their work, but people who do not know the difference between a good job and a bad one. "My great difficulty," says the master of a large private school, "is to find teachers who know anything, or who seem as if they had ever seen anybody that knew anything. They have plenty of 'educational progress' and

'educational theory;' but they don't know anything." After all, why should they know anything? They have a good deal of more or less accurate information, such as people get who have studied what came easiest and seemed at the time most interesting, and have let the rest go. Then, with a little pedagogy superadded, they have been turned loose to hand down their principles to others. "The Austrian ballet" [Australian ballot], a New York schoolgirl wrote in an examination book, "was introduced into this country by Cleveland to corrupt the people and keep it secret." The state of mind evinced by this sentence has been too common in school children under any system of learning; but I believe we do less to clear it now than when we paid more attention to those fundamental principles which tend to promote accuracy in thought and in expression.

I have said elsewhere — and I believe it with all my might — that one reason

for the hold of athletic sport on our schools and colleges is its awakening in many boys their first, or almost their first, ambition to do something as well as it can be done, and the recognition of severe routine as a means to that end. In football they are judged by an innumerable jury of their peers. Failure is public disgrace; success, if decently bought, is glory. "Jack," said a great football player to a shiftless student whom he was trying to look after morally, "did you ever do anything as well as you could?" "No, Tom," said the other, "I don't believe I ever did." The amateur athlete is held up to his best by the immediate, certain, and widespread fame of good playing, and the equally prompt and notorious shame of bad playing. He is held up, further, by the conviction that what he is doing is for his college or for his school. Never again, unless he holds public office, will such a searchlight be turned on him;

and never again will so many persons see what he does or fails to do. As a result, a thoroughly trained football player, meeting the supreme test, may find himself lifted up by the inspiration of the moment, of the crowd, of the cheering, and of college patriotism, so that — as some one has put it — he plays better than he knows how. In a few instances every man in a team plays better than he knows how.

Older people can hardly appreciate the stimulus to every power of mind and body in a great athletic contest. Here is work in which youth itself is an advantage, in which the highest honor may be won by a young man who has missed all earlier opportunities for doing anything as well as he knew how; here is a fresh chance to show of what stuff — mental and physical — he is made, and a cause that appeals to youth so strongly as to make obstacles springs of courage. Here is something that rouses

a young man's powers as the elective system in study is designed to do, yet does not require that basis of intellectual accuracy which is essential to success in study. Here, also, is something in which a young man who can succeed knows that success may mean an opening for the work of his life. Thousands of men actually see his success with their own eyes; thousands more hear of it. If on graduation he applies for work, he is not the unknown quantity that a young graduate usually is. He has already been tried in times of stress and found not wanting. If, as sometimes happens, he has shown, not merely that he is always to be counted on, but that in the thick of things he is inspired and inspiring, he has marked himself as a leader of men. Besides, no man can thoroughly succeed in football who plays for himself alone. There are few more searching tests of men's motives and spirit. This is why class officers chosen from football

players are almost invariably good men. On the gridiron field their classmates learn who have self-control, courage, endurance, minds quick in emergencies, devotion to class and college, and who play to the grand stand, and unless they can be spectacular are of no use.

I dwell on football because its hold on a college is often misunderstood by persons who think of it merely as a brutal, tricky, and sadly exaggerated pastime, and not, in spite of its evils, as a test of generalship, physical and moral prowess, quickness of body and mind; and because it is a good illustration of a visible and practical purpose (crossing the enemy's goal line) fired by an ideal (the honor and glory of a college). The full strength of college feeling does not come to a man until years after his graduation; but he knows something of it when he "lines up" beside his old school enemy against an old school friend, who, at the parting of the ways, has chosen

another Alma Mater. As years go by, his love of college becomes second only to his love of country. The college becomes more and more a human being, for whom it is an honor to work, to live, and to die. Indeed, every man who has once taken her name is in some sense bound to work, to live, and to die for her. In business, in politics, in religion, in everything, it is she who cheers him, as he struggles to hold his standard high. Much modern teaching dwells on the development of self; yet he who devotes himself to the rounding out of his own powers may be good for nothing, whereas he who devotes himself to what he loves better than himself, and thus abandons much that looks good for him because he must do something else with his whole heart, — must do it often in a romantic and what may seem a reckless loyalty, — such a man achieves a power beyond the reach of the professional self-developer. Education is not in a high

sense practical unless it has an ideal in it and round about it. I know the common talk that colleges unfit their students for those daily duties which might chafe a mind that has tasted intellectual joy. No college can make everybody unselfish and wise; yet among human powers for unselfishness and wisdom I know none like that of a healthy college. If by a practical life we mean such a life of service as is not merely endured but enjoyed, *lived* with enthusiasm, then surely the most unpractical people in the world are the men and women who put away their ideals as childish things.

> "The light of a whole life dies
> When love is done,"

a poet says; and though he means the love between man and woman, his verse would be more deeply true if "love" might take on the wider meaning of that faith and energy and courage and enthusiasm which light the dim and tortuous way. With this, no life while sense

remains can be crushed by drudgery or woe. Without it, a life of drudgery is a life of Egyptian darkness. "Where there is no vision the people perish."

The college helps her sons and daughters to keep alive the vision. She diffuses about them what Mr. Justice Holmes has called "an aroma of high feeling, not to be found or lost in science or Greek, — not to be fixed, yet all-pervading." She shows, in steady brightness to the best, in flashing glimpses to the worst, the vision without which there is no life. She teaches her children not to shun drudgery but to do the work, and in doing it to know its higher end. The question whether a thing is everlasting truth or commonplace is often a question whether it has or has not a light in it. Homer, even when he tells us how Telemachus put on his clothes, is not commonplace. "I suppose," says Ruskin, "the passage in the Iliad which on the whole has excited most admira-

tion is that which describes a wife's sorrow at parting from her husband, and a child's fright at its father's helmet." It is education that helps us see, as Homer saw, the high meaning of the commonplace in every part of life, the beauty whereby the drudgery of daily life becomes transfigured. It is education that teaches us not to measure the best things in the world by money. It is educated men and women, beyond all others, who throw into their work that eager sacrifice of love for which no money can pay, and to which, when work cries out to be done, no task is too forbidding, no hours are too long. The practical life is the life of steady, persistent, intelligent, courageous work, widening its horizon as the worker grows in knowledge, and, by doing well what lies before him, fits himself for harder and higher tasks. But the practical life of educated men and women is, or should be, even more than this. It makes, or should make, every

task the expression of an enlightened spirit. There were in the nineteenth century few lives more practical than those of the "heroic boys" who, in the exquisite words of their old comrade, "gave freely and eagerly all that they had or hoped for to their country and to their fellow-men in the hour of great need." In such a practical life as every man or woman ought to lead, such a practical life as educated men and women are bound to lead or be false to their trust, it is the vision that abides and commands.

President Hyde Bowdoin
1919 College.

The office of the college
is to be at home in all lands
and all ages; to count nature
a familiar acquaintance, and
art an intimate friend; to gain
the standard for the appreciation
of other men's work and
the criticism of your own;
to carry the keys of the
world's library in your pocket,
and feel its shoulders behind
you in whatever task you
undertake; To make friends
of princes among men of your
own age, who are to be
leaders in all walks of life;
to bow yourself in generous
enthusiasms and cooperate
with others for common ends;
to learn manners from

students who are gentlemen,
and to form character under
proffessors who are
christians: this is the offer
of the college for four of the
best years of your life.